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THE TRIUMPH OF THE TITLE-HUNTING, MONEY-BAG MAMA.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

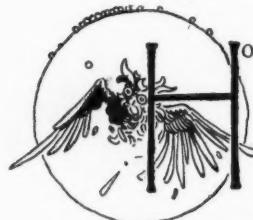
CONCERNING
INTERNATIONAL
MARRIAGES.

ENGLISH NOBILITY, in its present state of decay, turns naturally to a young, vigorous and prosperous nation like ours for new blood and good money to arrest the process and to repair its inroads. Our latest matrimonial alliance with nobility lacked the familiar feature of an impoverished groom, and is thus slightly impaired for homiletic purposes. There was once a man, a cooper by trade, who made such good barrels that he was able to fill a number of them with money. With this money his granddaughter became a countess at the age of sixteen years and five months. There was no harm in this thing, of itself. The obscure peer, his child wife, and the lady who acted as agent in the matter are of little importance in this busy world. There was harm, however, in the example set our young men and women, and we earnestly hope that the next American woman who secures a noble son-in-law will stipulate in the terms of sale that the concluding formalities shall take place abroad. The New York press emitted ringing editorials aent the folly of American heiresses marrying titled Englishmen — and hundreds of columns descriptive of the event, from the cutaneous embellishment of the groom to the dress of the male ushers. All this was not only in bad taste, but distinctly vicious. It has convinced more than one American girl that her brow should throb beneath a ducal coronet — which makes it bad for the untitled young man who thinks about her a good deal in and out of office hours. We should like to convince these girls that it is n't such a fine thing to marry an earl, after all. When he has lived decently enough to have preserved his fortune, the English nobleman is pretty apt to be an insignificant man as men go, nowadays; when he has n't, he is very small potatos. The English are as much a race of shopkeepers now as in the days of the first Napoléon. Civilization has not impaired the British reverence for gold. Marrying a peer, therefore, to attain social distinction, is a useless waste of good money. Money will always buy admission into the best English society, while here there are rare instances when it fails. The line, "Britons never will be slaves!" applies only to the male animal. The female of the species, either by birth or marriage, is always a slave. Think

of a nation without heiresses! The girl who marries an American has a title in "Mrs." that makes her more than the peer of any English woman, in independence, opportunity for social advancement, respect and immunity from personal violence. A drunken peer is just as offensive as a drunken American. His title not only does not refine his brutality, but it has usually given him leisure to devise ways of intensifying it. We advise the American girl who was unduly impressed by the vulgar display of this last affair, to marry here and then buy her social distinction abroad, if she prefers the foreign article. She can be as loud and pushing as she pleases, she may keep up the show-window idea of her trading father or grandfather, and the British knee will bend to her money. It will bend lower, too, if she has not put herself under the British law of entail and of marriage and divorce. We beg to remind the American girl, too, that we are putting up a pretty good article of nobility right here in our own country, though we have not labeled it as yet; and that it is her duty to stay here and help to improve its quality. We call her attention to the following radical sentiment, which we cordially endorse, from a recent masterly essay upon this topic by that genial autocrat of the dinner table, Mr. Ward McAllister: "In fact, when you come to think it over, you will see that a great many marriages by persons who were in love with each other, have resulted happily."

CONCERNING MONEY MATTERS. Sundry Republican newspapers are constantly apprising the country that it is in a fair way to be ruined by the machinations of President Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury. They affect to regard the present financial complication as the natural result of a sinful Democratic policy. The ability of a Republican editor to ignore something much plainer than his nose is almost superhuman. Here we are struggling under a Republican law which demands that we pay out our gold for silver, in the face of the financial law which requires us to keep our gold; and these papers gravely warn us to watch the President closely, because he is likely to do something wicked with our credit. They also foster the impression that Secretary Carlyle, by some occult process, can enable us to go on defying the laws of finance with impunity. We have the assurance of President Cleveland that "The purpose of the Government to preserve its own credit unimpaired, and to maintain the parity of the two metals by all lawful means, will not be abandoned under any circumstances." We must be content with this until the Sherman law is repealed. Secretary Carlyle's measures to tide over the intervening period have shown a genuine regard for the welfare of the people. He has acted less like a banker than like a man of good common sense who seeks his end by unconventional but practical means. An issue of bonds or any other measure to replenish our gold reserve would not make the repeal of the Sherman law one whit less imperative. Despite the straits we are in, it is best that this law continue in force until the silver idol is shattered beyond the possibility of repair by Republican cement. In the meantime, any fear about the safety of the public credit should be allayed by the reflection that the present administration, if it tried, could not commit an act of greater folly than that from which we are now suffering.

SQUIRE APPLETHORPE DECIDES.



HOW FER to treat the Aborigines
Is a question that bothers a number of min's,
Jest as I find that a raft of schools
Is debatin' concernin' the heighth of Hercules;
An' w'ether the wisdom of Thucydides
Kin be judged by discussin' it on two sides,
Like the courage an' honor of Aristides.

Now, we can't all hope to rank as mates
With men like Solon an' Socrates.

Strikes me it's better to take more pains,
An' gether the sense of Aristophanes.
Then we kin tell w'ether Injuns, *as sich*,
Is entitled to jestice — an' ef not, to which.

R. W. M.

A STANDOFF.

BROWN STONE.—I'm unable to decide whether Mc Kinley has done more good or evil up to date.

HANDMY DOWN.—What occasions your quandary?

BROWN STONE.—Well, he has made a tariff reformer of me, and a smuggler of my wife.

AN HONEST EXPRESSION.

DINER.—Why is it you waiters object to shaving?

WAITER.—Why, sir, they could n't tell us from actors, then!

PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER

Contains reproductions of the choicest work that has appeared in PUCK, with brief description of PUCK's methods and progress. A splendid example of American humor, color-printing and typography. On sale at PUCK BUILDING, Jackson Park, Chicago, during the World's Fair; also by all newsdealers. 64 pages. Price, 50 cents.



DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

HUSBAND (trying to quiet his chattering teeth).—Now, Mary, walk quietly down the stairs; and when we get near the intruder I'll spring out and grab him.



MRS. POPLEIGH.—John is the soundest sleeper I ever saw. Here this child has been crying at the top of its lungs for the last hour, and he has never moved.



F. M. Nutting.

MR. POPLEIGH (*some time later*).—Confound it, Mary, you left this watch out on the dressing-case, and its ticking woke me up. I wish you would be more careful; you know how easily I am awakened!

THE LEAVEN.

ARTIST (*to class of young women*).—Now, I think the composite picture of this class would be artistically beautiful.

PRETTY STUDENT (*aside*).—Strange that one face could so bring up the average!

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

MAY KISSAM.—I'm afraid Papa would make a scene if he came home and found you here.

JACK WILLING.—I just left him at the club; he won't be home very early.

MAY KISSAM.—How do you know?

JACK WILLING.—He was two hundred in the hole when I left.

COMPULSION.

“I see that Callow has quit wearing those loud trousers of his.”

“He had to.”

“How so?”

“They woke up the nap of his silk hat.”



“AHEAD OF THE GAME.”

A DIPLOMAT.

GLADYS.—Do you admire black eyes or blue?

ALIAR.—The light is so dim here, I really can't say.

A QUESTION OF PRIORITY.

BESSIE PRIM.—You must n't eat with your fingers. Take a fork.

GEORGE PRIM.—Fingers were made before forks.

BESSIE PRIM.—Yes; but not your fingers.

AN EARLY SPRING — The Pierian.

WE ARE informed by the *Gardener's Magazine* that fish are hatched under hens in China. We should think, if only for the sake of consistency, that ducks would be employed for this purpose.

IF THERE is such a thing as “the well of English undefiled” the modern dialect short story should be given a thorough washing and rinsing in it.

NO, DEAR READER, it is not superstition that causes the boy at the end of the bowling alley to pick up the pins.

BAD LUCK is the best thing that could happen a man—after it's over.

VEILED SARCASM.

COOPER.—I say, Hooper, was Dr. Blinker guilty of a joke in his prayer for our public officials, this morning?

HOOPER.—How?

COOPER.—Did n't you notice that he prayed for the blessing of the Lord upon those who guyed the people?

REVISED VERSION.

Man wants but little here below,
But wants it mighty hard,
When he finds he only needs but one
More spot upon a card.



THEIR GREAT NEED.

MAY BLUME.—Are you going to the “Helping Hand Club” after luncheon? Miss Giglamp is to lecture on “The Great Need of Working Girls.”

ANNIE HOWE.—I think I will. I should like to hear Miss Giglamp's views on husbands.



FATHER DOMINICK'S CONVERT.

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

"THE MAN IS A DIVIL!" said Father Dominick, of the parish of Ste. Anne of Guigneguiche.

Father Dominick was on his way homeward, but he was not facing the homeward way. He had turned full around, and stood, his hands folded on his fat, round stomach, his brows knit in a perplexed and angry scowl, and his eyes fixed on the last house of the village he had started to leave behind him. It was a low, shabby structure of unpainted boards, set a little off the highway among weeds and rubbish and ash-heaps, with that air of utter and hopeless shiftlessness about it which a really worthless French Canadian knows so well how to impart to his domicile. Half of the lettering on the sign over the door had been effaced by wind and rain, but enough remained to tell you the name of the occupant, and it was easy to guess that his business was the sale of liquors. From this building came, every now and then, bursts of that heavy, gross, offensive cachinnation, that forced, mirthless bellowing which is as near as boorish drunkards ever get to honest, mirthful laughter. At each recurrence of the unpleasant sound, the Father's scowl grew deeper; and in the intervals he listened intently. A single voice was speaking from the house. At last, urged by some tribute of guffaws louder than usual, it rose to sudden loudness and rang out upon the evening air so that it was clearly audible across the road — Father Dominick's own voice, round, full, Irish, individual, unmistakable, chanting within the pot-house "*In saecula saeculo-o-orum.*"



Father Dominick's grip tightened on his big oaken stick and he struck its iron ferule angrily on the ground. Then he swung around and marched on up the rocky road that led to his home, near where the rushing river, emerging from the pines, started on its tumbling descent of half-a-mile of roaring white cascades.

"The man's a devil!" he repeated.

Ten years of life in a little, old-fashioned backwoods town in the province of Quebec had taught Father Dominick many things — how to be masterful and how to be wily, how to be diplomatic and how to be severe; but it had not taught him how to overcome the last traces of one of the prettiest brogues that ever came out of Ireland, and when the good Father was excited or emphatic it came out in all its native sweetness. So it was that you always heard Father Dominick's brogue when he had occasion to speak of Michel Gargaroux, carpenter, joiner and atheist, the enemy of society, as Father Dominick loved to call him; for was he not the enemy of Father Dominick and of the Church?

The race of French Canadian *habitants* has produced some eminently unlovely types, and when you meet the sulky, brutal, rude, ignorant, idle, discontented lump of greasy, sallow flesh with a little black scrap of moustache in the middle of its face, that loaf all day long about the railroad stations of the larger towns, you are rashly but naturally inclined to think that you have encountered the most unlovely of these; but if you go further, you will be apt to find that human nature is reserving some of her surprises for you, as usual. When for two or three generations nature has bred into this type Scotch shrewdness, Irish humor and Yankee smartness, all thriving on a base of *habitants* immorality, or rather unmorality, you have another type that is as much more dangerous and ill-disposed as it is more complicated and interesting. This was the type of Michel Gargaroux, leader of the Anti-Clerical party and King of the Boors in the parish of Ste. Anne; and it may explain why he gave Father Dominick more trouble than all the rest of his parishioners put together.

There had been a time, no doubt, when Michel Gargaroux, carpenter, joiner, etc., was a good Catholic; but it was a time beyond the memory of any dweller in Guigneguiche, and it must have been co-incident with a time which Gargaroux sometimes spoke of when he was a little under the influence of liquor — the time when he was young, good-looking and a favorite with the ladies. One thing is certain, it was a time long past,

Every village is supposed to have its atheist, who generally attains his position partly by accident and partly by intention, beginning by being a shade more liberal-minded than his fellows, then being goaded by persecution into an open scepticism, and passing from this stage to rank atheism just for the notoriety of the thing: to get at least a sort of left-handed fame out of an inevitable and unpleasant singularity. But no town in the world ever possessed a local atheist of more active and effective malignity than Michel Gargaroux. He was immensely popular, principally, of course, among the bad men of the town; but he also held the more respectable folks by his wit, which was sharp, according to *habitant* standards, and by his excellent skill as a workman. Indeed, he was a carpenter and joiner for Guigneguiche to be proud of, but most of all his "pull" with the people was founded upon his really extraordinary powers of mimicry; and of all his much-admired imitations of prominent citizens, by long odds the best was his unapproachable reproduction of Father Dominick conducting the services of Holy Church. The impious roared thereat, and even the decently-shocked devout could rarely refrain from acknowledging its truth to nature by an ill-restrained smile, or, worse yet, by a convulsive chuckle or giggle — according to sex. Father Dominick had heard of this interesting impersonation, but as he was not in the way of attending Mr. Gargaroux's exhibitions, he had had no opportunity of passing critical judgement on it, until the day when the evening breeze wafted it across the road to him from the tavern windows. It was hardly to be expected that the humor of the performance would fully appeal to the good father, though he had no lack of an Irishman's best gift. What he thought of its artistic merit may be inferred from his single remark.

Three hours later, as he sipped his modest night-cap of native wine, the good father put his slippers foot down on his worn old carpet with the action of a man who has taken a serious and important resolution.

"This thing," said he, "has got to end. I'll go to-morrow."

And on the morrow it was announced that Father Dominick was going to Quebec to kiss the hand of the Archbishop, and that some great, strange and mysterious thing was to come of his sudden visit.

Father Dominick departed, Father Dominick returned. He arrived between nine and ten at night. It took Élise, his old housekeeper, the length of time that it takes a woman to throw a shawl over her head and run to the gate — it took Élise that much time to start the news flying around the village, passing from house to house just before the closing of the shutters, that the Church of Ste. Anne of Guigneguiche was to be refitted throughout with new pews, new rails, new paneling, and new brackets for the holy images along the walls. People sat up late that night in the village, and by the morning the news had been thoroughly digested and one particular result of its reception had become apparent to even the dullest wit; and all Guigneguiche was a-chuckle, saving only one solitary citizen.

Michel Gargaroux did not chuckle. Silent and sour, with a worried look in his little gray eyes, he worked at his bench all day long. When he was alone his brows were puckered in troubled thought.

He smoothed out the pucker when people came to see him, but it gathered itself again as soon as they left. All day long his friends paid him pleasant little calls.

"Hi, Miché, busy with the church job, hey?"

"Say, Miché, I heard there was a priest lookin' for you."

"C'est donc difficile, Miché, c't ouvrage au Bon Dieu, hein?"

"Say, Micky, folks is sayin' there's heaps of money in them pews."

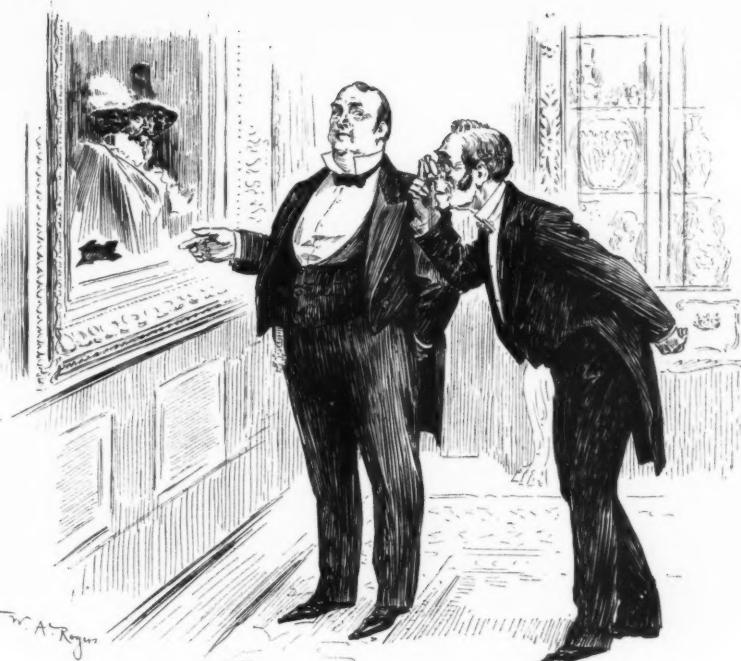
This last was from a Maine Yankee who had once got ahead of him in a horse trade. It was wormwood and distilled gall.

All day long he worked and thought. That night he did not show himself at the tavern.

Nevertheless he got wind of the rumor that was freely discussed there, that the big envelope which had arrived for the priest in that morning's mail was from a firm of cabinet-makers in Quebec, and contained plans and proposals for the renovation of the church. There were many such rumors as this, and, somehow, Gargaroux heard them all, in spite of the fact that he worked steadily at his bench all day long and had no idle time for his old companions. But the rumor that came to him like a stab in the breast was an elusive, untraceable word that went hither and thither without responsible paternity, saying that M. le Curé held it a scandal to the town that it should be necessary to confide such a sacred work to the hands of a stranger. Then came the weekly paper, with the news printed in all the convincing assur-

(Continued on page 182, this number.)





THE RULING PASSION.

HOST (*proudly*).— And this is a masterpiece of Rembrandt!
VISITOR.— Great Scott, man! What is that unsightly hole in the corner? It spoils the whole picture.
HOST.— Well, you see, my wife is an autograph collector, and she would n't rest until she cut the signature out and pasted it in her album.

SHE SHOWS THE HOOK.

She is angling for a husband
With a rare and dainty touch;
But, alas! she scares the fishes,
For this maiden talks too much.



PROFIT BY IT.

MRS. SUBURBAN.— Oh, Henry! After passing through the long Winter, the ice, the sleet, and the snow, and then to see this glorious Spring sunlight, these green fields, and the leafy trees! Why, one feels that it actually pays!
HENRY.— Yes; you bet it pays! Why, only this morning I rented this house to a city man for eight hundred dollars for the Summer months, and leased a flat in the city for two hundred.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION.

“What are you doing all that cackling about?” inquired the barn-yard rooster.

“Our house, as you know, is a noble one,” replied the Plymouth Rock, proudly; “and I have just laid the foundation to a small addition.”

TRADE-WINDS.

EASTERN MAN (*in booming Western town*).— What horrible, awful, disgusting, abominable odors you have here!

MR. PORKPACKER.— Yessiree. Smells like business, does n't it?

THE “FIXED” RACE.

The running turf can not efface
The fact, established well,
That frequently the selling race
Is but a racing sell.



THE ONLY VICTIM.

INQUIRING PERSON.— What time did the hotel catch fire?

FIREMAN.— Midnight.

INQUIRING PERSON.— Everybody get out safely?

OFFICER.— All except the night watchman. They could n't wake him up in time.

A MAN OF ADDRESS.

MAMIE WILLKISS.— Don't you think Mr. Whirlsfare is a man of the most charming manners and address?

YOUNG VANDERLOIN.— I don't know about his manners, but he gave me his address, and it's too absurd for anything. Think of it: “Chicago, The Earth.”

AN AMPLE WARDROBE.

She's going to the ball to-night —
I heard herself declare it;
For, though she nothing has to wear,
That's just the place to wear it.

John Ludlow.

HER HOPE REALIZED.

PUGILIST'S MOTHER.— And how did Jack come out?

PUGILIST'S FATHER.— He won the battle, of course.

PUGILIST'S MOTHER.— There! I always knew Jack was born to be an actor.



ance of black type, that the Archbishop had ordered the refitting of the church of Ste. Anne of Guigneguiche at a cost to the diocese of not to exceed six hundred dollars, and that His Grace had added to this liberal appropriation a generous contribution from his private purse. Michel Gargaroux chewed on that, as our country folks say, for the space of one bright August morning; and then when noon came, he took off his apron, brushed his trousers with some care, put on his black coat, and the hat which he kept on a peg behind the door, and walked off to the church of Ste. Anne, which stood at the cross-road near the bridge that crossed the river just below the falls.



It was not a large or imposing edifice, but it looked larger that day to Michel Gargaroux than it had ever looked before. He knew the building well, inside and out, although he had never entered its doors in all the years of his residence in Guigneguiche, for he passed it twice a day on his way to and from work, and its broad doors were open all day long in fair weather. There was a Home for Consumptives near the town, and at almost any hour some emaciated figure might be seen kneeling before a favorite saint chosen from among the long row on either wall to be the repository of prayers late and vain. The rude brackets which supported the gayly painted images were decked with poor, pious baubles, relics of the grateful dead, pitiful gifts of those who went away believing themselves cured.

Michel Gargaroux could not have told you the name of one saint, nor could he have made a guess at the number of the Stations of the Cross; but in his furtive glimpses through the open door he had taken in all that interested him in that interior, with the eye of a carpenter and joiner. There were eleven pews on a side downstairs, six long ones in each side gallery and four little ones in the organ-loft—so he had been told; he had never seen the organ-loft, as it was directly over the door. In all, in various parts of the church, there were, as he put it, “nigh a hundred and twelve foot of rail, twenty-two plain sash, and three fancy, and more ‘n three hundred foot of cornish.”

He knew that he should find Father Dominick at the church, for his friends kindly kept him informed of every movement of the head of the clerical party, and he knew that the Father was decorating the church for the approaching feast of the town’s patron saint. Doffing his hat, Gargaroux entered into the solemn silence of the temple, and stood blinking in the streams of faintly opalescent light that poured in from both rows of windows, for the dusty roads around the church reflected the strong sunlight from every direction. At the further end of the church Father Dominick was directing two old women from the Consumptive’s Home, who were draping the altar with strips of gold-fringed velvet. Gargaroux felt both confused and awed by the strange silence and coolness, the unfamiliar illumination and the hushed voices of the servants of religion; but he marched resolutely up to the priest and said with a bow:

“Good morning, your Reverence.”

The priest’s back was toward him. Father Dominick turned his head, but so slightly that Gargaroux could not tell whether or no he were recognized, and responded in preoccupied tones:

“Good morning, good morning, sir. Put the festoon to the left, Mrs. Mercier—the gold tawssel goes on Mrs. O’Reilly’s end of the rail—is that straight now?—just a trifle beyond. Thank you, ma’am.”

Gargaroux felt a great desolation spreading about him, a cold, bleak desolation, with a sensation of creeping paralysis in the centre of it where he stood. He tried again.

“Decoratin’—” *her*, he was going to say, but checked himself in time—“the church?” he finished.

The priest appeared to regard the question as both trivial and unnecessary.

“Ste. Anne’s Day is Choosda’,” he returned in a tone of seemingly unconscious rebuke.

“That’s so, that’s so,” said Gargaroux, as if he had had some doubts about it, but was yielding admiringly to convincing argument.

Then the great waste space around him grew wider and bleaker, and wrapt itself in a chilly twilight. He tried to speak; but a distance of several miles already separated him from the priest with the uninviting back, and the further that silent desert spread around him, the drier grew the roof of his mouth. Awkwardly and uncertainly he turned to go, and came in face of the organ-loft which he had not yet seen.

Four pews! He had been misinformed. There were six, and no such little ones either, and the organ-case! And the screen and rail in front of the singers, and one—two—three—four brackets, and two great carved corbels that were absolutely dropping to pieces, and would have to be replaced! Gargaroux’s courage came back to him in a feverish flood.

“Your Reverence,” he blurted out, turning back.

“Well, sir?” returned the priest, indifferently. “Lave the wrinkle, Mrs. O’Reilly; ‘t is fine as it is.”



Gargaroux forced it out, and it came like a pellet out of a pop-gun.

“I come for the job.”

“What job?” asked the priest, absent-mindedly.

No, he did not say “what job.” What he dropped over his shoulder sounded like this: “*hhhwhatJOB?*” all in one word with the accent on the “job.” This is one way that an Irishman has of picking up his end of a bargain which he intends to make a hard one for you. You come to him with a proposition, and it is his plan of campaign first to reject it as preposterous and finally to accept it—on his own terms. Father Dominick put Gargaroux through the whole system. His first question was really no more, apparently, than a mere mechanical and unconscious repetition of a strange sound that had fallen upon his ears. If you were on a cat-boat in a tempest, and a man should propose to play you a game of billiards; if your own brother would walk up to you and say, “My name is Julius Caesar, and I am a mulatto,” even so you might repeat in a dazed sort of way “billiards?” or “mulatto?”

Gargaroux felt the blood rising in his cheeks.

“This job,” he said, faintly.

“*This job?*” repeated the Father.

This time he said the word as though he took intellectual cognizance of it, and recognized it as an English vocable, but could not at all understand how it could have any possible application to anything within the range of his own personal knowledge. His face wore a blank, searching look, as though he were saying to himself “job? job? Perhaps there is some meaning of the word with which I am acquainted? Perhaps this man’s dog’s name is ‘Job,’ and he’s got under the Church and he wants to get it out? Perhaps ‘I come for the job’ is the pass-word of one of his heathenish secret societies?”

Then as Gargaroux murmured the words again still more faintly, he inclined his ear a little, as one might to a child, and said in a tone of stately indulgence:

“You must explain your meaning, Mr. Gargaroux. I do not think I understand—”

“Why,” said Gargaroux, brokenly, conscious of a red face; “I mean this job, this here job, this here renovation, or refixing or whatever you call it, of this here church.”

This time Father Dominick understood. His eyes opened to their widest, he drew up his massive form to its full height, he crossed his strong arms on his broad breast and he looked down on the poor, little jackal of a man before him.

“*My Church!*” he said. “*You!* I wonder, Gargaroux, that you dare take that holy name into your mouth. Is it you, an atheist, a blasphemer and a black enemy of Holy Church, would lay your impious hands on this sacred edifice! *HHHWHAT* would the Archbishop say to me if I were to permit it? I believe, on my soul I believe, that if I were to allow such a profanation he would call me to Quebec and shame me before the whole population in front of the Cathedral at noonday.”

He turned majestically toward the two women, as being the only portion of his auditory capable of understanding the horrors of the situation. The two poor creatures were quite sufficiently impressed: their faces were white, and their fingers actually trembled; and one of them got behind a screen and crossed herself nine times in succession. It took the Father a good half-minute of hard breathing to recover from his burst of indignant surprise. Then, shaking his head slowly and sadly, he said in the tone of a generous but resigned and hopeless martyr:

“No, Gargaroux, no! I do not reproach you for the trouble and disgrace you have been to me in

the past; but I had not dreamed that you would have the audacity and the foolishness—the plain foolishness, man: it’s a born fool you must be to be thinking of it—to come here with such a request. Is it not scandal enough, without bringing me to name it, that such work as this, such extensive and important work should have to go outside of the parish because the only joiner in the town is an infidel and atheist, blaspheming the God who gave him the skill to earn his living?—and I’m not denying, Gargaroux, that ye’re the best workman at your thrade betune here and Quebec.”

During this speech Gargaroux had stood nervously shuffling his feet, twisting and turning his hat in his great knobby hands, clumsy at touching anything save the keen tools of his craft, but his eyes were fixed upon the panelling of the chancel, and certain mental calculations that he made almost involuntarily gave him the courage of desperation.

“Oh, come now, Father,” he said, hanging his head; “atheist—infidel—their hard words.”

“Do you deny, Gargaroux,” demanded Father Dominick, “that you are an atheist?”

“Why—well—I may ‘a bin something of an atheist at one time,



but — no — I ain't never been — well, not what you might call a bigoted atheist."

The priest shook his head with an unsatisfied air. As he did so he put his hand out against the base of the pulpit as if he were about to lean against it. It trembled a little, and he drew back his hand, and then, reaching out again, tried it carelessly, casting his eye up and down as if he were taking note of its unsteadiness, and, all in a mechanical sort of way, as though his attention was mainly to the conversation on hand, he

gave the pulpit a little dismissing slap that said perfectly plainly, "Well, well, *that* old thing's got to go, too."

"No, no," said Father Dominick; "Gargaroux, I'm afraid I can't hope —"

"Well, now, I don't see why you can't," said Gargaroux, with new determination; "you ain't heard only one side; may be I ain't the kind of man you think I am. How'd it be now if I was quite a different sort of man from what you think?"

"It would be very different, indeed, Gargaroux," said Father Dominick, in a mild, regretful way; "and I wish with all my heart that it were so. But if you are really at heart the man you say you are —"

"Well, I am, I am," interrupted Gargaroux; then he added cautiously, "to some extent."

"Or perhaps I should say," said the priest sternly, "if you *were* such a man —"

"Well, I be," broke in Gargaroux; "when you come right down to it, I be."

"If you were," continued the priest, "you would not hesitate to give the Church a proof that you are worthy of her confidence."

"Well, now, that's fair," said Gargaroux, eagerly; "I told you we'd get along better than you thought, when we got right down to business."

"A proof," Father Dominick went on, "that would conclusively establish your fitness for such a highly important undertaking; not in my unworthy eyes alone, but in the eyes of the whole parish."

"Well — say —" returned the joiner, "what do you call a proof, anyhow? I'm willin' to do what's right, of course; but I don't want to be made no monkey of."

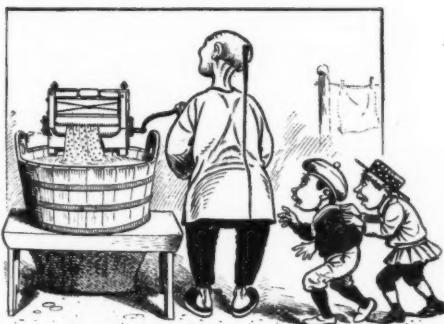
"Well," said the priest, calmly and thoughtfully, as though he addressed some one at a distance, "you must of course communicate publicly, and this very Sunday, without delay."

Gargaroux grew pale.

"Look here," he said at last in a sort of gasp, "do them gallery pews go, too?"

(To be continued.)

(This series of short tales was begun in No. 831 of PUCK.)



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



A CAUTIOUS MAN.

BRONSON.—Do you intend to have a garden this Summer?

JOHNSON.—It depends upon whether you intend to keep chickens or not.

ISRAEL'S SCEPTRE NOT DEPARTED.

The new prime minister of Egypt is a Jew, the first of that faith to hold the position in 3,200 years — that is, since the time of Joseph. Now the Jewish brickmakers will have plenty of straw for their work, and enough over to show which way the wind blows.

UNANSWERABLE.

LUNATIC (*in a dreary monotone*).—Where? Where? Where?

VISITOR (*at the asylum*).—What is the nature of that poor fellow's hallucination?

KEEPER.—He was driven insane by brooding over a puzzle to which there is no answer. He —

LUNATIC (*moaning*).—Where, where, oh! where is he? What has become of Whitelaw Reid?

WHEN IRELAND gets Home Rule she may, possibly, give England a chance to attend to her own home affairs.





A PIPE-LINE.



FARMER HENSHAW.—Moving away, Jefferson?
JEFFERSON.—Yep; an' if yo' miss any mo' chickens yo'
cain't 'cuse dis yere pu'son ob takin' um.



JEFFERSON (in his new home).—Who'd have thunk dat
yere stove-pipe would 'a' held fou'teen chickens!

HER VIEW OF IT.

PROFESSOR.—Miss Vassargirl, give the class the distinctive differences between a poet and a musician.

MISS VASSARGIRL.—Yes, sir. A musician has long hair that stands up; and a poet has long hair that hangs down.

A MEAN WOMAN.

MRS. DE STYLE.—Of all servile, idiotic, disgustingly fawning followers of fashion, I think Mrs. De Avnoo is the most contemptible. She has gone to wearing hoop-skirts.

MR. DE STYLE.—What difference does that make to you?

MRS. DE STYLE.—Why, now we'll all have to wear them!

ORIGINALITY is the ability to present old things in a new form that meets popular approval.

WHEN THE New Haven constabulary get after a Yale student, he disguises himself by having his hair cut.



HER OPINION.

GRACE INGLE.—Are your two suitors chums?
MAY CUTTING.—No;—chumps.

THE MYSTERIOUS ANGLER.

WELL HE knows where the fishes abound,
If they nibble at morning or night.
He can whip them ashore till they litter the ground,
When none other gets even a bite.

Though you fish and no specimen catch
While you nod in a weary day dream,
He will fill his big basket with speed and
despatch
Till you think there's none left in the stream.

He will ever a mystery be
And the secrets will never be
known
By which he e'er lures all the fishes
in glee
From your well-baited hook to his
own.

R. K. M.



THE DIFFERENCE.

HYSON.—Do you think marriage
is a lottery?

HENPECK.—No, indeed. When
you draw a blank in a lottery, that is the end of the matter.

NOTHING ELSE is quite as futile as bluffing without financial capital, unless it is trying to kill a swarm of mosquitos with a tennis racket.

THERE IS nothing especially irritating about an air of importance, provided it is sung instead of being worn.

A CONTRIBUTION BOX — Fisticuffs at a "Benefit."

WILL ASKIT.—How would you describe a cynic?

PHIL. OSFER.—A cynic is a man who has an unreciprocated affection for himself.

WOMEN CERTAINLY have room enough, in these times, to laugh in their sleeves.

IN THE bright lexicon of malaria, the Peruvian bark is not as bad as its bite.

THE NEARER the outing season approaches, the more heads of families deplore the precedent set by Mohammed.

THE BACTERIOLOGIST has taught us of many an unregarded thing that "there's millions in it!"

AN IRISH LAMENT.

ALAS! I must sing of a new woe of Erin,
O Oireland! darlin', they've hit you again.
The names that the bastes in the Park do be wearin'
As if they were Oirish, arouses my pen.



Two haythens from Africa, from the Nile wather,
Kem over here lately across the big sea;
And whin the two beggars they brought forth a daughter,
'T was Murphy they named her — O Erin Machree!

'T was Crowley they named that there Eyetalian monkey;
'T was Mulligan's name that was gev to shnake;
'T was Duffy's good name that was worn by a donkey,
Widout mitioning all them bur-rds in the lake.

Does a crockerydile resimble O'Brien?
Shall his honored name, thin, belong to the baste?
Are we to indure an ould yaller-faced lion
That's named wid a name that belongs to a praste?

'T is sorry the day saw the fir-rst importation
Of a strange, foreign baste to get such a name;
For, sure, 't is good-lukin' we are as a nation
An' civil an ape can put in such a claim.

Is Miss Murphy Oirish? Do we luk loike Crowley?
What Oirishmon luks loike an African shnake?
Be th' sowl of St. Patrick, as sure as he's howly,
We'll drownd all them Nagur bastes in the Park lake!

Ah, whisht now! brave bhoys of the green country Kerry
O darlin's from Mayo and Longford and Clare!
Come wid your shillalys, me dear ones from Derry,
An' tur-rn the old Park into Donnybrook Fair.

A MINOR EPISODE.

REPORTER.—The deceased was at one time Vice-president of the United States. Would you mention it in the article?

EDITOR.—Oh, no; that was some years ago. Try to get something of interest about him.

A STICKER.

EDITH.—Jack Bently never seemed to me like a fellow possessed of much perseverance.

IRENE.—Oh! yes, he is. Why, the other day he tried to lick one of those Columbian stamps. He did n't succeed at first; but he stuck to it.

AND WHY NOT?

Trainmen, so the papers say,
To strike are always itching.
And why should they not strike, I pray,
Who are so used to switching?

R. W. M.



FOUND HIS FIELD AT LAST.

FIRST THESPIAN.—How can that man Spouter look so prosperous, I wonder! He made such a horrible failure last season, that he had to leave the stage.

SECOND THESPIAN.—Why, you see, my boy, he's running a "School of Acting," now.

When an Artist writes a "testimonial" for a Piano, he probably means what he says; the instrument may "please" him or his fancy. But does he know that the instrument really is what he thinks it is?

When an honest manufacturer who knows every detail about a Piano, after every honest effort to make it so, concludes that his is the **BEST**, he will be believed. The best Piano is the 139-155 E. 14th St., New York. 367 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. 1100 Olive Street, St. Louis. 208-314 Post Street, San Francisco.

SOHMER

CALISAYA LA RILLA.

An exquisite cordial of Calisaya bark.

For all the important and well known medicinal uses of quinine —as a tonic or anti-malarial, **Calisaya La Rilla** is the most efficient and most acceptable.

KODAKS

Take one with You
to the World's Fair.

They're the only practical camera for the purpose. No bulky glass plates—no troublesome holders—no need of hunting up a dark room. With our special Columbian spools of film, containing 200 exposures, you can have your Kodak loaded before leaving home and can then "press the button" as often as you like while at the Fair without the necessity of reloading.

Eastman Kodak Co.,

Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

For
Chapping,
Itching, Dandruff,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration.

use that delightful balsamic cleanser
and Antiseptic,

Packer's Tar Soap

EXTRACT OF BEEF!

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

Liebig COMPANY'S

Bearing the authorized signature of Justus von Liebig, the great chemist,

has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.

FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.
FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

We paint soft wood to hide its defects. We varnish hard wood to reveal its beauty.

Fine varnish doubles that beauty and preserves it many years.

Our "People's Text-Book"—sent free—will tell you the difference between fine varnish and cheap painty varnish.

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FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT."

Automatic Reel.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel. It will wind the line up slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Send for Catalogue. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

YAWMAN & ERBE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

N. B.—See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.



Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Sole U. S. Agents.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York.



WE WANT YOU to try Golden Sceptre. All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. 1 lb., \$1.30, 1/4 lb., 40 cts., postage paid. Send for Catalogue giving list of dealers who handle our goods, SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

is the Beer upon which this label appears.



Our "Wiener," "Special Dark Brew" and "Lager Beer" are bottled by improved methods at the Brewery.

Pickings from Puck 9th Crop 25 cts.

Friendly Regard

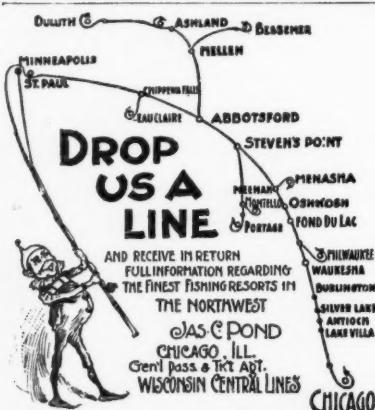


little ones of

Scott's Emulsion,

a preparation of cod-liver oil almost as palatable as milk. Many mothers have grateful knowledge of its benefits to weak, sickly children.

Prepared by Scott & Bowe, N. Y. All druggists.



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For Sale by

All Leading Wine Dealers
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Post Office: Urbana, N. Y.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The name to remember when buying a
BICYCLE is A. W. GUMP & CO.,
DAYTON, OHIO.
\$30 to \$50 saved on many
new and second-hand Bicycles.
Lists free. Over 2000 in stock.
Cash or time. Agents wanted.



Prepared by
Druggists.

On a Warm Day

when you don't know what to eat and yet feel that you must eat, a can of our Game or Chicken Pates Truffled, placed on ice in the morning, will make a dainty lunch, refreshing, palatable and nourishing.

Our Soups for Dinner, are always in season, and ready for the table.

Assortment of Pates—Partridge, Quail, Pheasant, Woodcock, Grouse, Wild Duck, Chicken and Chicken Liver, packed in 5 oz. and 8 oz. cans. Sold by Grocers.

Sample can (5 oz.) mailed on receipt of the price, 25 cents.

Franco-American Food Company,

Franklin Street & West Broadway, New York.



THE USE OF

KIRK'S

JUVENILE

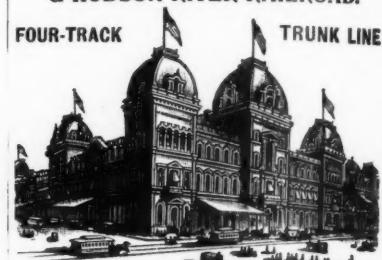
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NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

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TRUNK LINE



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, center of hotel and residence section, and the only Railroad Station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series" send two-cent stamps to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH
at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.
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"SCENES FROM EVERY LAND,"

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY;
over 500 Magnificent Photographic Views,
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other books throwing their outfits away and begin-
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WORLD IN WAX.

OPEN FROM 11 TO 11.

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MATINEE 2 to 5. EVENING 8 to 11.

MONS. DELLA VALLE, FRENCH MUSICIAN.

MASTER WALTER LEON, THE BABY ORATOR.

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ADMISSION — 50 CENTS — TO ALL.

Garden Vases and

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A large assortment of beautiful designs.

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Nos. 109 & 111 Beekman Street, New York.

YALE MIXTURE

It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that
experience can produce or that money can buy.

SMOKING TOBACCO

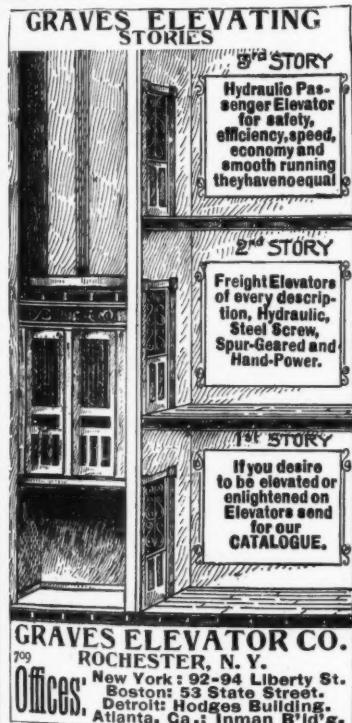
Pears' Soap

"Beauty is but skin deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead, it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

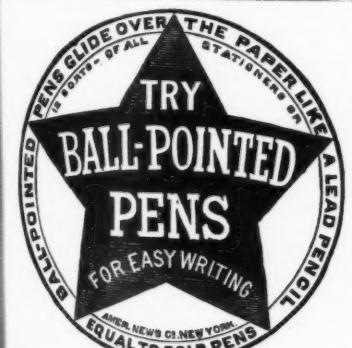
"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead, it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Offices, New York: 92-94 Liberty St.
Boston: 53 State Street.
Detroit: Hodges Building.
Atlanta, Ga.: Inman Bldg.



BOKER'S BITTERS
A Specific against Dyspepsia,
and an Appetizer.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, \$88 up.
Want agents. Catalogue free. Address
Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

A WORD TO THE WISE. CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS. who fear the phenomenal success of Van Houten's Cocoa

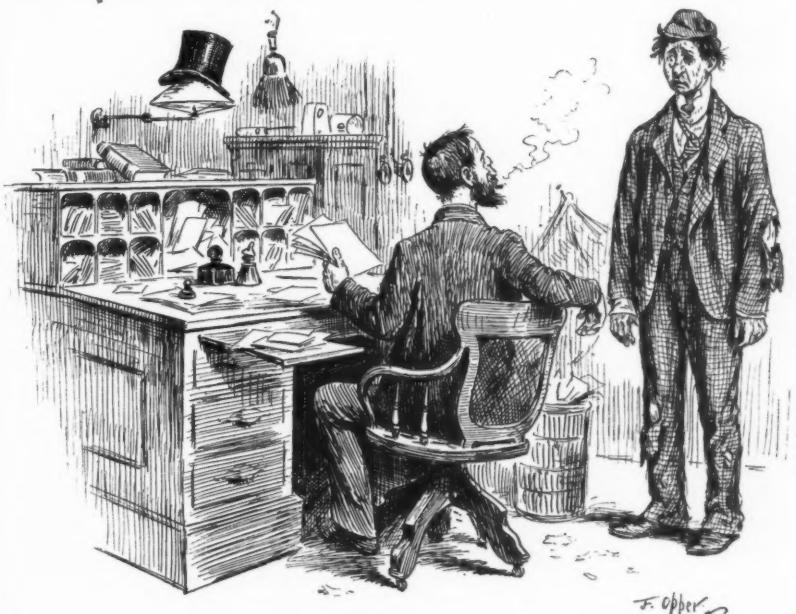
in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London.
Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:-

"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible."

"The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and can not possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

"The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial."



GETTING SOME GOOD OUT OF IT.

CITY EDITOR.—What's the matter? Did n't you interview Col. Biff about his domestic troubles?
REPORTER.—No; he threw me down five flights of stairs!
CITY EDITOR.—Well, go and take a walk, and get up an article on "How It Feels To Be A Ragged Wanderer."

To quickly relieve Neuralgic Headache
Use Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

Bright eyes, healthy complexion and a vigorous system result from using Angostura Bitters. Sole Manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At druggists.



Is your Grocer alive

to the interests of
his customers—
you in particular?

Did you ever

reflect that it is the consumer who must do the work usually in all lines of progress?

Has it ever occurred to you that there must be a reason for the sales of CHOCOLAT MENIER aggregating **Thirty-three Million Pounds** per annum? *Have you ever tried it?* If not, why not? Possibly you did not know that COCOA and CHOCOLATE bear the same relation to each other as

Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream.

Send your address to MENIER, W. Broadway and Leonard St., N. Y. City, for sample and directions for a perfect cup of chocolate.



5 seconds winds it.
10 dollars buys it.
Millionaires wear it.

The Quick-Winding Waterbury.

It is modern.
It is handsome.
It is accurate.

All jewelers sell it. \$4 to \$15. 41

HOTEL BRUNSWICK

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City. Downtown depot, Surbrug, 159 Fulton Street.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 235 and 239 E. 23d St., N. Y.

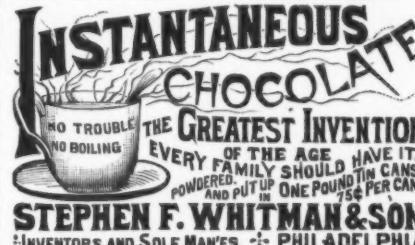
16 West 125th St., N. Y.

OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERECTED A VERY LARGE ADDITION TO OUR FACTORY WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE 50 PIANOS PER WEEK.

THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEXCELLED

AND ARE SOLD

AT MODERATE PRICES.
SOLD ON INSTALMENTS AND RENTED.



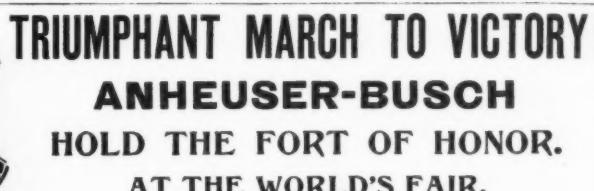
BETTON'S PILE SALVE.

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe they are. It goes all the way as sooth as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drugists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

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King of Them All.
Best in the World
Send for our 24-page catalogue
AGENT'S WANTED.
MONARCH CYCLE CO.,
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TRY
BALL-POINTED
PENS
FOR EASY WRITING
ANHEUSER-BUSCH
HOLD THE FORT OF HONOR.
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



It is only observing the eternal fitness of things that the largest and finest restaurant the world has ever known—the Columbian Casino of the World's Fair—should be supplied with beer by the largest and best beer producers on earth, for such the Anheuser-Busch is known to be wherever beer is drank, both in the Old World and in the New. An additional triumph for the Anheuser-Busch is the fact that in the face of great competition they not only secured the contract, but will receive \$2.00 per barrel more for their beer than any of their competitors offered.

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
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Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,
Branch, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., New York.

Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.
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ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.



THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE EXTRA LONG THREE BUTTON CUTAWAY FROCK, NOW VERY POPULAR.

TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS, DIAGONALS, VICUNAS, NEAT STRIPES AND CHECKS ARE THE MATERIALS BEST ADAPTED.

FOR DRESS WEAR THE DIAGONAL AND VICUNAS IN DARK BLUE AND BLACK ARE PREFERABLE.

WE MAKE OUR COATS WITH SOFT FRONT, WHICH LOOKS WELL WHEN WORN OPEN. THIS WEEK WE HAVE A SPECIAL SALE OF THE POPULAR F. & H. THIBETS, CLAY DIAGONAL, HOCKANUM AND BLACKINGTON WORSTEDS, SCOTCH CHEVIOTS AND ENGLISH TWEEDS.

THESE FABRICS ARE THE IDENTICAL SAME GOODS USED BY TAILORS CHARGING FROM \$75 TO \$100 A SUIT.

WE CLOSED 300 STYLES FROM ONE OF THE BEST IMPORTING HOUSES IN NEW YORK AND GIVE THE PUBLIC THE BENEFIT.

Suit (TO ORDER) \$20.

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WE GUARANTEE EVERY GARMENT TO WEAR SATISFACTORY ONE YEAR, GUARANTEE GIVEN ON ORDERING OR DELIVERY OF GOODS.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, AND MEASURING BLANK FREE ON APPLICATION.

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BROADWAY AND 9TH ST., NEW YORK.
BOWERY AND SPRING ST., NEW YORK.



18th Edition, postage for 25c (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
D. K. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book." — *Athenaeum*. 815

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.**
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

CHARACTER is what we are when we think we are not watched. — *Ram's Horn*.

**Lovell
Diamond
Cycles**

Send 6 cents in Stamps for 100-page Illustrated Catalogue of Bicycles, Guns, & Sporting Goods of every description.
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FREE

Having purchased the entire stock of several large haberdashers' stores, we will sell the latest styles in Men's Suits, Hats, Shoes, etc., at remarkably low prices. Hand-colored Illustrated Catalogue **FREE**. **BRILL BROS.**, 211 Sixth Ave., New York.

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In 16 years,**

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No claims remain unpaid.

A record to be proud of, and one to convince the reader that we offer

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An Eight Per Cent. Stock guaranteed by a leading Trust Company is offered at par. Suitable for large and small investments. Full information furnished by W. E. LOWN, Mills Building, New York.

You Ought To Wear Garters

There is only one satisfactory garter, binding not, wearing well, ever comfortable, holding the stocking, preventing slack of drawers. Worn by gentlemen everywhere. It is the

BOSTON GARTER,

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.



FULLY half the women began saving up money for the World's Fair two years ago, which their husbands have since borrowed. — *Atchison Globe*.

For that "out o' sorts feeling"
Take Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

Lord Coleridge writes: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Wine. I tried it while here and find it superior."

Rae's Lucca Oil

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

The Perfection = - - of Olive Oil.

S. Rae
LEGHORN, ITALY.

Established 1836.

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Constable & Co.
PARIS AND LONDON
COSTUMES.
EVENING DRESSES.
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IT IS hard to understand how anybody can doubt that there is a devil who knows that there is a Texas. — *Ex.*

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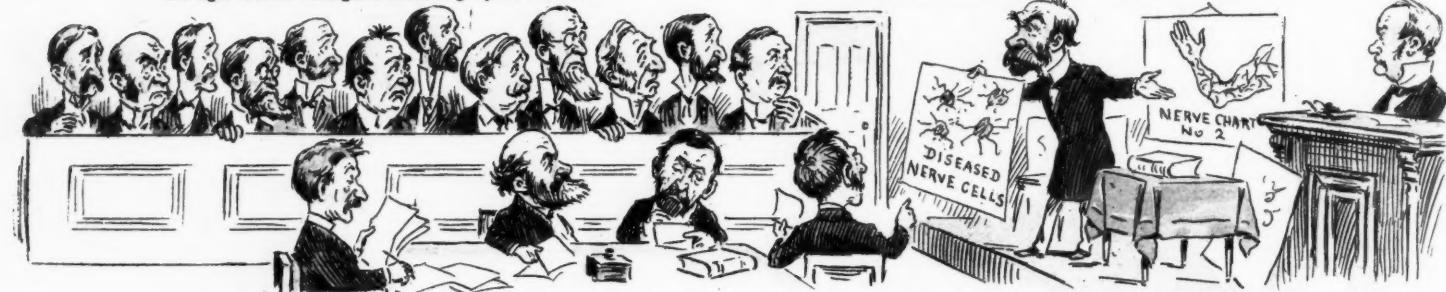
THE RISE in coal that is really most troublesome is lugging it out of the cellar. — *Truth*.

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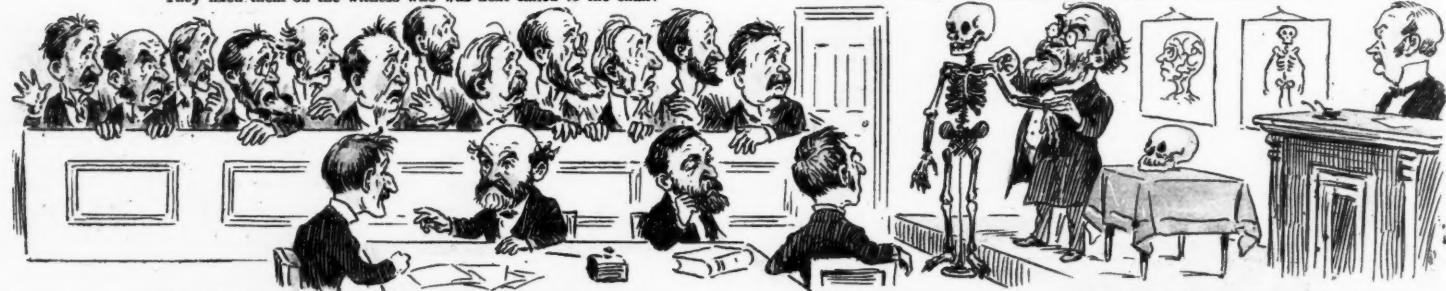
It was twelve honest Jurymen were sitting on a case;—
The light of clear intelligence shone brightly on each face.

The witness who was called on first, he gave them quite a pain,
His name was Doctor Cerebrum, an expert on the Brain.



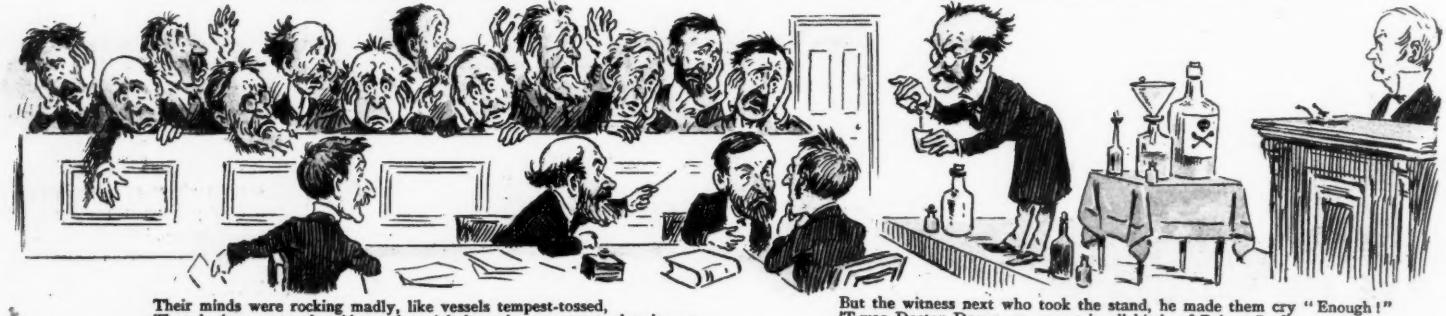
Their minds were getting cloudy, but with conscientious care
They fixed them on the witness who was next called to the chair.

But although they tried their best, they could n't "get onto his curves,"—
His name was Doctor Talkingford, an expert on the Nerves.



They were getting badly "rattled," as they braced themselves anew,
And fixed their strained attention on the witness next in view,—

And they strove to understand him as they uttered dismal moans,—
His name was Doctor Skellington, an expert on the Bones.



Their minds were rocking madly, like vessels tempest-tossed,
Though they swore they'd see the trial through, no matter what it cost.

But the witness next who took the stand, he made them cry "Enough!"
"T was Doctor Drops, an expert in all kinds of Poison Stuff."



They felt the end was coming, their pain would soon be o'er,—
Still they tried to keep their senses, and to hear one witness more;

But Professor Pothooks was the next, (their misery was sad,)
An expert in Handwriting, and he simply drove them mad.



They carried out those Jurymen, and laid them in a row,
And they took them to the hospital, as fast as they could go.

And the doctors called it "vertigo;" but to Puck it's very plain,
That their sufferings were caused by too much "expert" on the brain.